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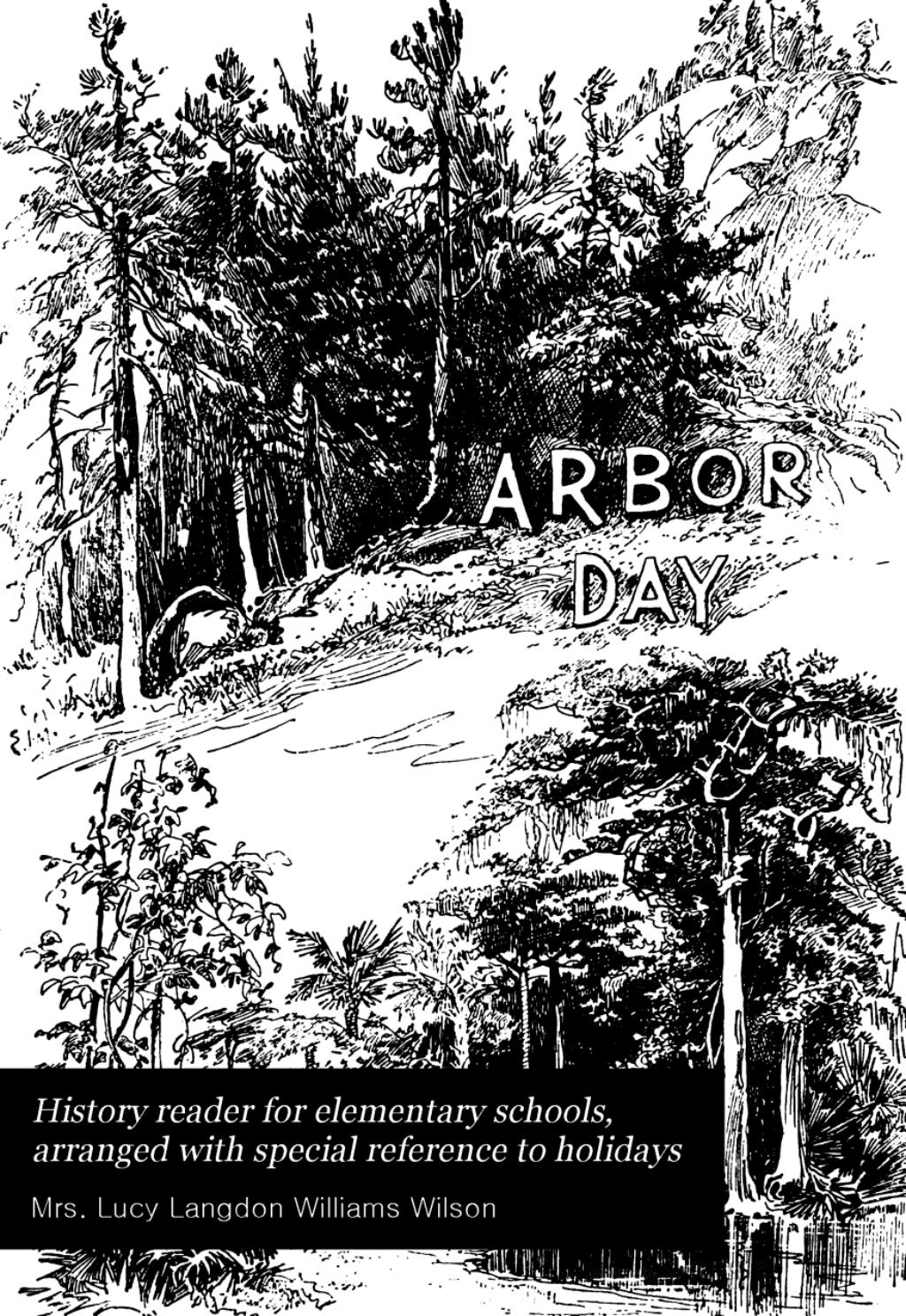
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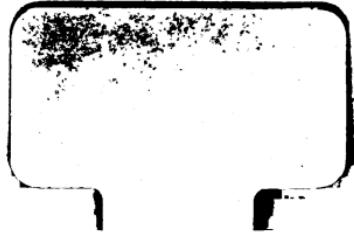


ARBOR DAY

*History reader for elementary schools,
arranged with special reference to holidays*

Mrs. Lucy Langdon Williams Wilson

C10371



Exch. by Haste, July 31, 1926.

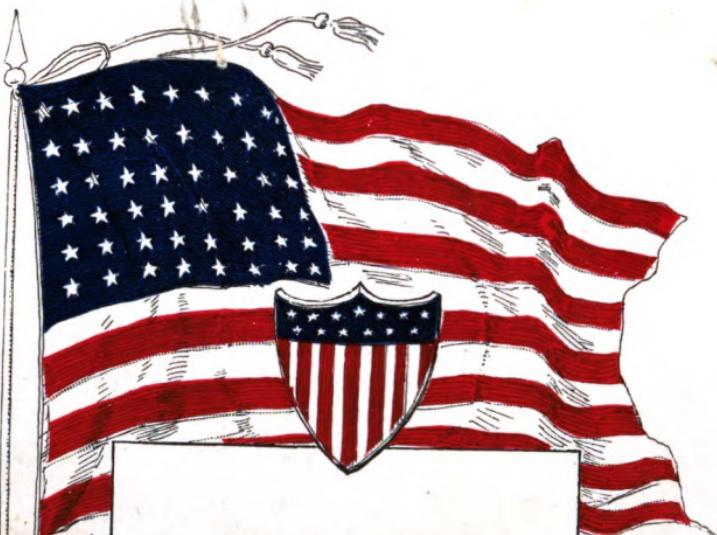
**HISTORY
IN
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AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
 Let freedom ring.

Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of Liberty,
 To thee we sing.
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King.



HISTORY READER

FOR

ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS

ARRANGED WITH

SPECIAL REFERENCE TO HOLIDAYS

BY

L. L. W. WILSON, PH.D.

AUTHOR OF "NATURE STUDY IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS, PART I: MANUAL
FOR TEACHERS. PART II: READER"

PART V

ARBOR DAY *BIRD DAY*

DECORATION DAY *FLAG DAY*

New York

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

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1898

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Norwood Press
J. S. Cushing & Co. — Berwick & Smith
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PREFACE

A MANUAL for teachers on History in the Elementary School is now in process of publication.

Until this is issued the following suggestions may be of some value to the teachers who wish to make a profitable use of the reader.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

Children like best to read about things of which they already know. Therefore fill the children's minds with the central thought for the month, with other stories, and occasionally with these same stories amplified, before their own reading begins.

With colored crayons put on the board, in September, drawings of the Indians; in October, the ships of Columbus and of the Vikings; in November, the wild turkey; in May and June, the flags. Stencils of Washington, Grant, Lincoln, Franklin, and the other American worthies make large graphic likenesses on the blackboard.

Prang publishes a number of inexpensive color reproductions of famous historic scenes.

More interesting than even the largest and most brilliantly colored of pictures are impromptu games

and plays based on the stories, in which the children are the happy actors.

Let the stage properties be few. And just here a hint may be sufficient; viz. children like to be trees *almost* as well as to be wild Indians!

In regard to the use of these stories for reading, I would suggest the following method as one of the many ways in which children may be taught to become fluent, intelligent readers:—

Divide the time allotted to reading into two periods as widely separated from each other as possible.

In the first of these teach all of the new words, and drill upon them thoroughly. Too much emphasis cannot be laid on the importance of this preparatory word study.

In general, the following methods will be satisfactory with second and third year pupils:—

I. Write upon the board a new word with all the diacritical marks that may be necessary to enable the pupil to pronounce it correctly.

II. Teach the meaning of the word.

III. Proceed in the same way with several other words.

IV. Drill on the instant recognition of these words without diacritical marks.

V. Let the pupils write the words from dictation, marking the sounds and accents, and dividing it properly into syllables.

Later in the day let him read the lesson for the

sake of the thought. Do not take it for granted that no further teaching is necessary, but remember, too, that it is now the pupil's time to talk.

If he does not read well now, it is because he fails to grasp the thought. A word, a question, will often clear up the obscurity in his mind. Lead him to think, not to imitate.

It is a good idea to have a systematic plan for silent reading. Many of the short stories in this little book will lend themselves easily to this device. On this work may be based a subsequent oral and written language lesson.

Above all, do not neglect to cultivate his taste, — his literary and artistic instincts. What stanza, or what line, or what part of this did you like best? Why? are questions always in order and always interesting.

L. L. W. WILSON.

PHILADELPHIA NORMAL SCHOOL.

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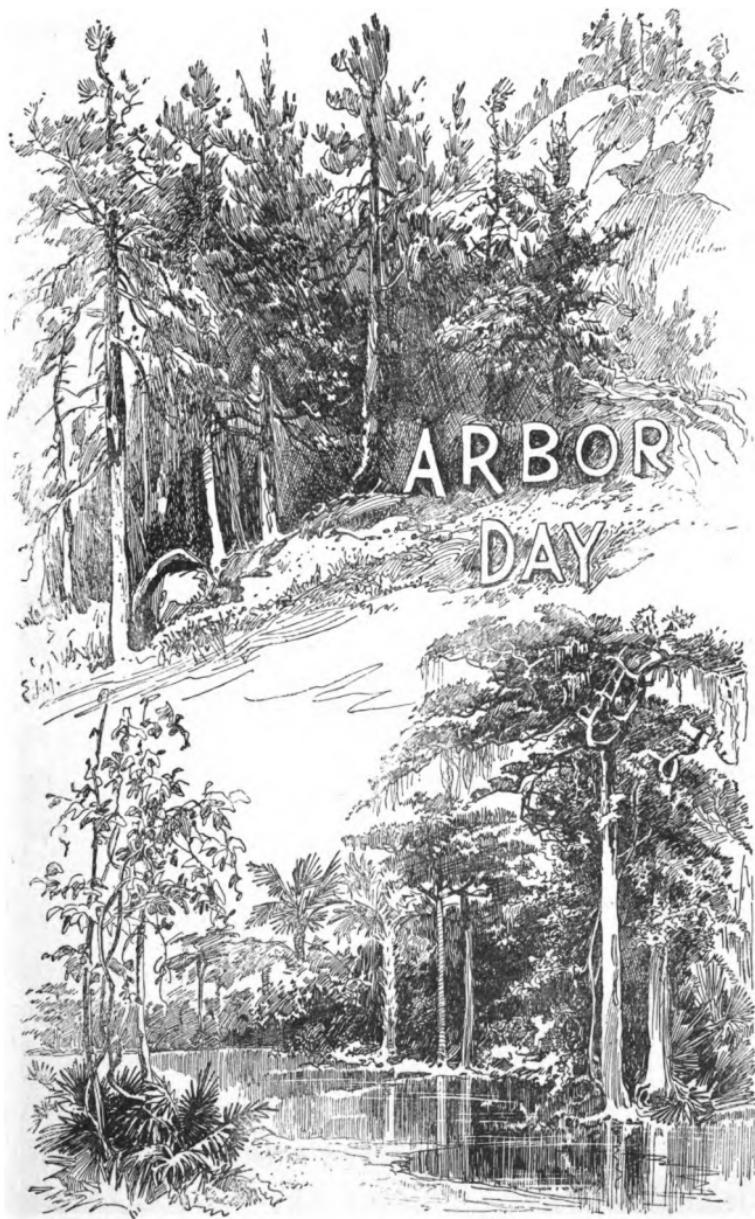
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THE TREE

WHAT do we plant when we plant the tree ?
We plant the ship which will cross the sea.
We plant the mast to carry the sails,
We plant the planks to withstand the gales,
The keel, the keelson, the beam, and knee.
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we do when we plant the tree ?
We plant the house for you and me.
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors.
We plant the studding, the lath, the doors,
The beams and siding, all parts that be.
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree ?
A thousand things that we daily see.
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag.
We plant the staff for our country's flag.
We plant the shade from the hot sun free.
We plant all these when we plant the tree.

— HENRY ABBEY.

ARBOR DAY

WHEN the white people first came to this country, the trees were so plentiful that they were in the way.

Almost the first thing that each new group of settlers did was to make a "clearing." They did this by cutting down some trees.

Out of these they then built their log cabins.

The trees were thus very useful to them.

Indeed, they were so useful that the settlers went on cutting them down, without much thought.

Still there were plenty left.

Perhaps you may remember the way that the Indians fought.

There must have been a great many trees in the time of the Revolution.

Farther west, in the time of Daniel Boone, and later, in the boyhood of Lincoln, trees were even in the way.

But now how is it?

Are there many trees in New York, or Boston, or Philadelphia, or in Chicago or St. Louis, or San Francisco?

Are not even our lovely mountain sides almost bare of trees?

Is this because we are trying to get rid of the trees?

Surely not, for the living trees are very good to us.

They give us shade.

They give us purer air.

They bring the rain.

They break the force of storms.

No; it is not because we want to get rid of the living trees.

It is because we can sell the trees for lumber, for fuel, for paper pulp.

And because we get money for the dead trees we sometimes forget the greater good which we receive from the living trees.

Did you ever hear of killing two birds with one stone?

Well, we can do that with the trees.

We can use all the old trees that we need.

But we must plant new trees in their places.

Our wise country knows this.

And so she asks even the little children to join her in planting trees on ARBOR DAY.

PLANT A TREE

He who plants a tree
Plants a hope.
Rootlets up through fibres blindly grope,
Leaves unfold unto horizons free.
So man's life must climb
From the clods of time
Unto heavens sublime.
Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
What the glory of the boughs shall be ?

He who plants a tree
Plants a joy ;
Plants a comfort that will never cloy ;
Every day a fresh reality.
Beautiful and strong,
To whose shelter throng
Creatures blithe with song.
If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee !

— *Adapted from LUCY LARCOM.*

THE LIBERTY TREES



TEN years before the Revolution began, the people met under certain trees to talk about their troubles.

These trees were called "Liberty Trees."

Sometimes a small red cap was placed on top. This was done so that every one might know that the tree stood for liberty.

There was a magnificent elm on Boston Common called the "Liberty Elm."

Under it were held some of the meetings against the Stamp Act.

On its branches they hung effigies of the royal governor. Four months later, he read his resignation under the same tree.

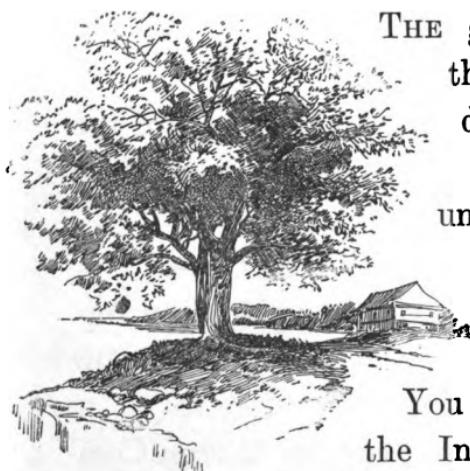
But finally the British soldiers cut it down and burned it for fuel.

In South Carolina the Declaration of Independence was read under a Liberty Oak.

This tree, too, was soon after cut down and burned by the British.



OTHER FAMOUS TREES



THE great Treaty Elm on the Delaware was blown down many years ago.

This was the tree under whose branches Penn made that famous peace treaty with the Indians.

You remember that neither the Indians nor Penn ever broke the treaty.

“The elm, in all its branches green,
Is fairest of all God’s stately trees.”



Under this tree, in 1775, Washington took command of the Continental army.

It is still alive. It still tells its long story to all wise little boys and girls who listen hard as the wind blows softly through its branches.



“The birch, most shy and ladylike of trees.”

— JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

HIAWATHA'S CANOE

SAID Hiawatha : —

“ Give me of your bark, O Birch Tree !
Lay aside your cloak, O Birch Tree !
Lay aside your white skin wrapper,
For the summer time is coming
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white skin wrapper.”

And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying with a sigh of patience :
“Take my cloak, O Hiawatha !”



“Give me of your boughs, O Cedar !
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me.”
Through the summit of the Cedar
Went a sound—a cry of horror,
But it whispered, bending downward,
“Take my boughs, O Hiawatha.”

“ Give me of your roots, O Tamarack !
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch Tree !

My canoe to bind together.”
And the Larch, with all its fibres,
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched his forehead with its
tassels,
Said, with one long sigh of
sorrow,
“ Take them all, O Hiawatha.”



“ Give me of
your balm,
O Fir Tree !
Of your balsam and
your resin,

So to close the seams together,
That the water may not enter
And the river may not enter.”
And the Fir Tree, tall and sombre,
Answered wailing, answered weep-
ing,
“ Take my balm, O Hiawatha.”

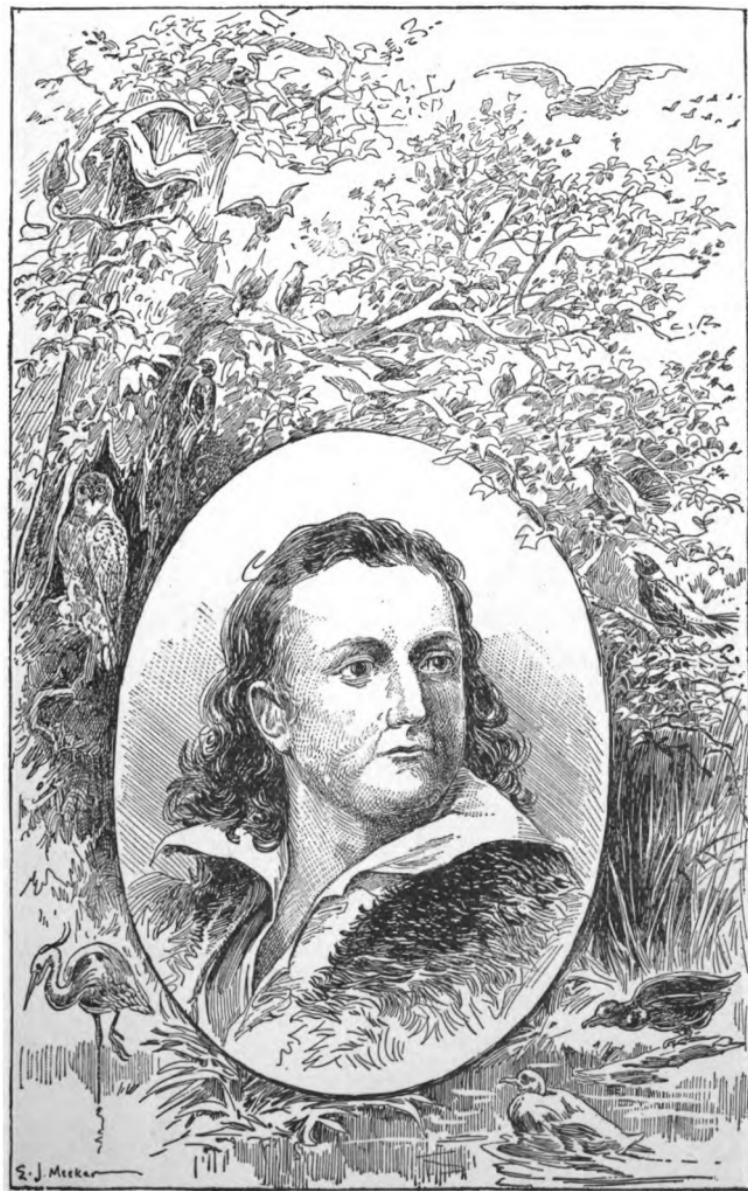


Thus the birch canoe was builded
In the valley, by the river,

And the forest's life was in it.
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews ;
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water lily.

— *Adapted from LONGFELLOW.*

MAY 4, 1780, BIRD DAY



JOHN JAMES AUDUBON

TO-DAY is the birthday of a man who knew more about American birds than any other man of his time.

This was because he loved them dearly.

Even when he was a little boy in dresses he used to lie under the trees in spring listening to their songs.

This was in Louisiana. There it is warm enough to live out of doors almost all the year.

As Audubon grew older, he loved to draw and paint the birds.

But he was never quite satisfied with his work.

Therefore he was very glad when his father sent him to France to study.

For in France there lived a great painter, named David.

With David he learned how to draw and paint.

When he came back to this country he lived for a while not far from Valley Forge, in Pennsylvania.

Here he was happy in the woods with his friends.

He brought the animals into the house, too.

How would you like to live in the same room with frogs and snakes, and opossums and raccoons and squirrels and birds?

Sometimes Audubon put on a handsome black satin suit with long lace ruffles, and rode on horseback through the country.

On one of these trips he met his future wife.

She liked him from the first, even, for he was very gay and handsome, as well as clever and good.

She believed in him, and knew that he would some day become a great man.

She helped him to become one, too.

For when later he became very poor, she herself earned three thousand dollars for him.

But Audubon worked hard himself.

He painted portraits.

He taught dancing. He often played the fiddle and danced at the same time.

And all this time he was studying and drawing the birds.

Perhaps this is what kept him so happy.

After years of hard work he had painted a thousand birds.

But still he was not satisfied.

He had already travelled all over the country, looking for new ones.

But he thought that he must paint a few more.

So he put his beautiful pictures in the garret of a friend in Philadelphia.

When he came back for them, the rats had eaten them.

They had even made a nest of the pieces.

This nearly broke his heart.

But he did not give up.

He said, "I can make better paintings than those."

And he did.

Last year, in New York, a copy of Audubon's book of *Birds* was sold for eighteen hundred dollars.

The man who bought it thinks that he is very fortunate to have such a beautiful book.

We are not wise enough to write about the birds as Audubon did.

Nor could we paint them as he did.

But even we can do something for the birds.
We can, perhaps, keep ourselves and others
from robbing their nests.

We should not wear stuffed birds on our hats.
We not only help the birds by this.
We also help the country.
For many birds do us a great deal of good.
They eat the caterpillars that do so much
damage to the plants.
And then how beautiful they are! And how
sweet is their song!

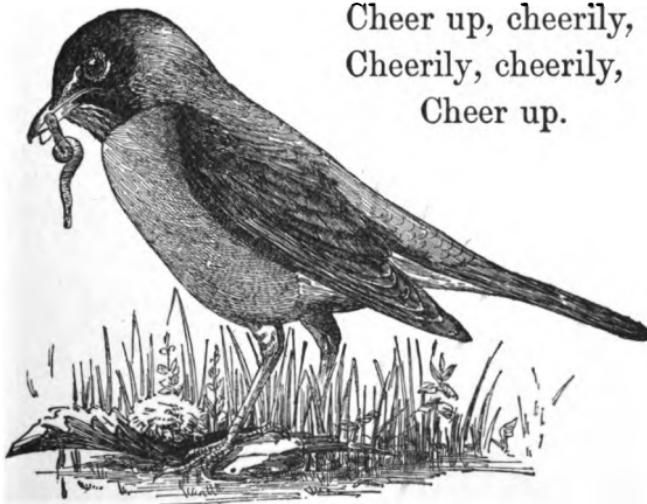
SOME OF THE SONG BIRDS THAT HELP US

ROBIN

WHEN the willows gleam along the brooks,
And the grass grows green in shady nooks,
In the sunshine and the rain
I hear the robin in the lane
Singing cheerily,
Cheer up, cheer up,
Cheerily, cheerily,
Cheer up.

But the snow is still
Along the walls and on the hill.
The days are cold, the nights forlorn,
For one is here, and one is gone.

Tut, tut, cheerily,
Cheer up, cheerily,
Cheerily, cheerily,
Cheer up.



When the spring hope seems to wane,
I hear the joyful strain,
A song at night, a song at morn,
A lesson deep to me is borne.
Hearing cheerily,
Cheer up, cheer up,
Cheerily, cheerily,
Cheer up.

— From *In a Masque of Poets*.

ROBIN

“ FROM the North and the East,
 From the South and the West,
 Woodland, wheatfield,
 Over and over,
 And over and over,
 Five o’clock, ten o’clock,
 Twelve, or seven,
 Nothing but Robin calls
 Heard under heaven.”

— SIDNEY LANIER.

FROM THE “BLUEBIRD”



DRIFTING adown the
 first warm wind,
 That thrills the first
 warm days of
 spring,
 The Bluebird seeks
 our maple groves
 And charms them into
 tasselling.

Sing strong and clear, O Bluebird dear,
 While all the land with splendor fills,

While maples gladden in the dales,
And plum trees blossom in the vales.

— MAURICE THOMPSON.

BROWN THRUSH



“ My creamy breast is speckled
(Perhaps you’d call it freckled)
Black and brown.

“ My pliant russet tail
Beats like a frantic flail,
Up and down.

“ In the top branch of a tree
You may chance to glance at me,
When I sing.

“But I’m very, *very* shy,
When I silently float by,
On the wing.

“*Whew* there! *Hi* there! Such a clatter!
What’s the matter? what’s the matter?
Really, really?

“Digging, delving, raking, sowing,
Corn is sprouting, corn is growing!
Plant it, plant it!

“Gather it, gather it!
Thresh it, thresh it!
Hide it, hide it, do!
(I see it—and you.)
Oh!—I am that famous scratcher,
H-a-r-p-o-r-h-y-n-c-h-u-s-r-u-f-u-s—Thrasher—
Cloaked in brown.”

—MABEL OSGOOD WRIGHT.



SWALLOW

“WHAT tidings hath the swallow heard
That bids her leave the land of Summer,
For woods and fields where April yields
Bleak welcome to the blithe newcomer ?”

* * * * *

“She is here, she is here, the Swallow,
Fair seasons bringing, fair years to follow.”

—BOURDILLON.

DECORATION DAY



“UNDER the sod and dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;
Under the laurel the Blue,
Under the willow the Gray.

* * * * *

Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.”

WHAT IS DECORATION DAY?

WHAT a joy it is to watch the coming of spring!

What a delight to see the faint green color creeping over the brown fields!

The buds on the trees begin to swell. One morning, you look out, and see the tender green leaves.

What a surprise!

In May the flowers have come.

One day in May, the teacher says:—

“Children, I hope that you will bring some flowers for Decoration Day.”

The next morning, before school begins, in walks a huge bouquet.

Yes, indeed! It seems to be walking into school all by itself.

But pretty soon, the teacher sees a pair of little feet below, and a pair of bright eyes above.

She hears a little voice saying: “If you please, this is for Decoration Day.”

So all the children come with arms full of flowers.

Soon there is a sweet-smelling pile in the schoolroom.

How fragrant they are !

Out in the streets everybody is carrying flowers. Grown people and children have bunches of roses and lilies and pinks and pansies in their hands.

The houses are trimmed with flags. Bands of music are playing. Soldiers are marching.

Where are the soldiers going, and the people with the flowers ?

They are going to the cemetery and to the soldiers' monuments.

Wherever a little flag flutters over a grave, there a brave soldier lies buried.

There the people will scatter flowers.

Some one will tell how noble and brave he was.
"He gave his life for his country and his flag."

Then to the sound of music the people pass on.

Maybe a woman stays behind and sheds a few tears.

For it is a sad story as well as a glorious one.

It is a long time, though, since it happened, and the tears are nearly all dried now.

But the glory of it will last forever.

These are the soldiers who died in our civil war.

They are the victorious soldiers whom Grant led. We call them the Boys in Blue.

They are the soldiers whom Lee led in the South. We call them the Boys in Gray.

Our country does not wish us to forget these brave men.

So every year we give one day to thinking of them.

And we put flags and flowers on their graves.
This is Decoration Day.

CAVALRY SONG

DRAW your girth tight, boys :

 This morning we ride
With God and the right, boys,

 To sanction our side,
 Where the balls patter,
 Where the shot shatter,
 Where the shell scatter,

 Red death far and wide.

Look to your arms, boys,
 Your friends tried and true.
How the blood warms, boys !
 The foe is in view !

Forward! Break cover!
Ride through them! Ride over them!
Then we'll baptize the clover
With blood as with dew!

— GEORGE H. BOKER.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE CIVIL WAR

THIS dear Union of ours was a large family of States.

At first they were baby States, as you know.

But they grew strong enough to take care of themselves.

Then together they fought for their liberty against the King of England.

After this they made a nation of themselves.

“We will form one family,” they said, “and the head of the family shall be the President and Congress at Washington.”

This united and happy family was called the “United States.”

But in a large family of brothers and sisters quarrels sometimes break out.

For young people are often headstrong, and want their own way.

Then the good father and mother settle the quarrel, and make the brothers friends again.

So quarrels broke out in this family of States.

At first these were not very bitter quarrels.

The President and Congress settled the strife. The States were good friends again.

But when people quarrel very often, it leaves in the heart a sore place. This does not heal quickly.

So, little by little the States in the North and those in the South began to look on each other as enemies.

One of the things that they quarrelled about was the negro slaves.

The North said that the South ought not to have negro slaves.

When Abraham Lincoln was made President, the Southerners did not like it.

They knew that President Lincoln had said:—

“ If ever I get a chance to strike a blow at slavery, I'll hit it hard.”

So the States in the South said that they could no longer live with the North as one family.

They could not live at peace with their brothers in the North.

They would not obey the head of the family of States at Washington.

“We will make a new house for ourselves,” they said. “We shall have things as we wish them.”

So eleven of this family of States set up for themselves.

They called themselves the “Confederate States of America.”

The North answered: “This is not right; we all promised to stand together as one family. You must keep your promise. The Union shall not be broken.”

Then they fell to blows.

The first gun was fired by the South.

“Our flag has been fired upon! Seventy-five thousand troops wanted at once!

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.”

This is the message that the President sent to the North.

Then, men said good-bye to their wives and little ones. They hurried off to battle and to death.

Men and women cried in the streets as “the boys in blue” marched to the war.

It was the same way in the South.

Men shouldered their muskets and marched out to give their lives for the side that they thought was right.

Women wept for husbands and sons and brothers who would never come back.

Many brave women went to nurse the wounded soldiers in the hospitals.

Others worked at home to get food and clothes for the men at the front.

For four years this angry quarrel lasted.

Hundreds of thousands of men were killed.

It was an awful time. But it was a brave time, too.

There were great deeds and great men.

The North was proud of Grant and Sherman.

The South loved Lee and Stonewall Jackson.

At last General Lee was beaten.

His soldiers laid down their arms, and the war was over. "The boys in blue" had conquered "the boys in gray."

The family of States was reunited.

The Union was saved.

"Lord of the universe, shield us and guide us,

Trusting Thee always through shadow and sun.

Thou hast united us, who shall divide us ?

Keep us, oh, keep us, the Many in One!"

— OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

JUNE

FLAG DAY, JUNE 14, 1777



JUNE



“ ’Tis the star-spangled banner!
Oh, long may it wave!
O'er the land of the free
And the home of the brave!”

EVERYBODY in the United States knows this beautiful song.

But not everybody knows the story of the brave man who wrote it.

How many stars were there in the star-spangled banner? There were fifteen.

And how many in the flag now?

There were fifteen stars because when the song was written there were only fifteen children in our State family.

It was written during our second war with England.

In this war the British took our city of Washington.

One of our soldiers in this war was Francis Scott Key, a young lawyer. He wanted to visit a friend who was a British prisoner.

He therefore went to the ship, carrying a plain white flag.

Such a white flag is called a flag of truce.

It means: "I am not coming here to fight you. I only want to say something to you."

When Key reached the ships, they were just ready to sail to Baltimore.

They wanted to capture Baltimore just as they had captured Washington.

But they were afraid that he would tell the Americans of their plan.

So they kept him on board one of the ships, and carried him to Baltimore.

So Key watched the battle from the British ship.

He was very much afraid that the little American fort would give up.

Every night the British fired bombs and rockets.

By this light Key saw that the American flag was still waving over the fort.

As he wrote in the poem:—

“ And the rockets’ red glare,
The bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night
That our flag was still there.”

At last the British ships grew tired of firing.
Now it was all dark again.

Key could not tell whether our flag was still flying.

He kept thinking, as he says in his song,—

“ Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner still wave
O’er the land of the free and the home of the brave ? ”

At last the daylight came.

Key looked eagerly towards the fort

A flag was flying from the top.

As it grew lighter, Key saw that it was our own Stars and Stripes.

He took from his pocket an old letter.

On its back he wrote the famous song.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Oh, say, can you see
By the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed
At the twilight's last gleaming?
Those stripes and bright stars,
Through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched
Were so gallantly streaming.
And the rockets' red glare,
The bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night
That our flag was still there.

Oh, say, does the star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave?

On the shore dimly seen,
Through the mist of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host
In dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze
O'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows,
Half conceals, half discloses?

Now it catches the gleam
Of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected
Now shines in the stream.

'Tis the star-spangled banner, Oh, long may it
wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave.

Oh, thus be it ever
When freemen shall stand
Between their loved home
And war's desolation ;
Blest with victory and peace,
May the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made
And preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must,
For our cause it is just,
And this be our motto —
“In God is our trust.”

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall
wave
While the land of the free is the home of the
brave.

— FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

SOME OF THE EARLY FLAGS

How many of you remember Captain John Smith ?

He had a flag, too.



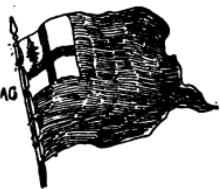
Do you think that it was the star-spangled banner that he carried ?

No, indeed ; but still he was very proud of it.

Look at it and see if you can tell me why.

Perhaps you think that the Americans who threw the tea overboard carried the stars and stripes ?

PINE TREE FLAG



No ; not even they had our beautiful flag. This was their banner.

And here are some other pretty flags that the Americans liked to carry.



But because in the Revolution we became one family, it was decided to have one flag.



And who do you think was the principal member of the committee to design a flag ?

Dr. Benjamin Franklin !

Here is the flag that he proposed.
It was very pretty, but the design
that was finally chosen means more.

Some people think that the idea
came from Washington's coat of arms.

They also say that red stripes are for the
blood of the patriots, and the group of stars
in the left-hand corner shows, perhaps, the new
family of States rising in the west.

The flag is beautiful to us because it is ours
and we love it.

But other people think it beautiful, too.

Shortly after the Revolution one of our ships
carried it to the China seas.

The Chinese thought the "flower flag," as
they called it, very lovely.

Thousands of them came down to the harbor
to see the "flower flag ship."



BETSY ROSS

ON June 14, 1777, Congress passed the following resolution: —

“That the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white.

“That the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation.”

In Philadelphia at this time lived a widow, Mrs. Betsy Ross.

Betsy Ross had always been a very neat sewer.

Both she and her husband had earned their living in the upholstery business.

But now on account of the war, there was very little work of this kind to be done.

But Betsy's neat sewing was well known.

So it was to her that George Washington and two other gentlemen went.

George Washington drew the flag for her, and asked her to make one from cloth.

“I am not sure that I can, but I will try,” said Betsy.

“Here is something that you have taken from the British,” she said, pointing to the six-pointed star.

The six-pointed star may be seen to-day on English money.

The gentlemen thought that a five-pointed star would be more difficult to cut.

Mrs. Ross took a bit of paper, folded it, and made one cut with her scissors.

Then she opened out the paper.

And there was a perfect, beautiful, five-pointed star.

"It is easier to cut, you see," said Mrs. Ross.

"But even if it were ten times more difficult, I would do it rather than have a British star in our American flag," said she.

The next day her uncle furnished her with the material, and in three days she had finished the first flag.

This was so well done that the business of making the flags was given to her, and later to her daughter.



FLAG, SONG

OUT on the breeze,
O'er land and seas,
A beautiful banner is streaming.
Shining its stars,
Splendid its bars,
Under the sunshine 'tis gleaming.
Hail to the flag,
The dear bonny flag —
The flag that is red, white, and blue.
Over the brave
Long may it wave,
Peace to the world ever bringing.
While to the stars
Linked with the bars,
Hearts will forever be singing.
Hail to the flag,
The dear bonny flag —
The flag that is red, white, and blue.

— LYDIA AVERY COONLEY WARD.

OUR FLAG

OUR flag means all that our fathers meant in the Revolutionary War.

It means all that the Declaration of Independence meant.

It means justice.

It means liberty.

It means happiness.

Our flag carries American ideas, American history, and American feelings.

Every color means liberty.

Every thread means liberty.

Every star and stripe means liberty.

It does not mean lawlessness, but liberty through law, and laws for liberty.



Forget not what it means.
And for the sake of its ideas, be true to your
country's flag.

—*Adapted from an address by HENRY WARD BEECHER.*

WHAT CAN WE DO FOR THE FLAG?

WE know now something of what the flag means, and of what it has done for us.

Now let us see what we can do for our flag.

“Be like George Washington, and Abraham Lincoln, and Grant,” said one little boy.

Or, like Benjamin Franklin, we can try to be

Temperate,

Clean,

Orderly,

Resolute,

Frugal,

Industrious,

Sincere, and

Just.



FROM "THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP"

THOU too, sail on, O ship of State,
Sail on, O Union, strong and great !
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea !
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee.
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,— are all with thee !

— HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.



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